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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

NOVEMBER 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Gwynneth the Guide

BY ETHEL TALBOT

WE'RE all Guides at our school now. But, to tell the truth, we didn't understand what they were exactly not so very many terms ago, and if it hadn't been for Gwynneth— But that's the story I'm going to tell you.

Gwynneth came in the middle of the summer term, and somehow or other she didn't make any special chum at first, though she was clever and good at games. She was put straight into the Fourth Form after her test exam., where all the rest of us were fully a year or so older than she was, and she didn't get "sent down" to the Thirds after a week of it, as we all predicted. Instead of that, she seemed as good at all our subjects as we were, and better than some; and though she wasn't a bit cocky about it, or anything, somehow it set our backs up, and although we tolerated her all right, we didn't go much further.

It was one day in the dormitory that I found out she was a Guide. There was a book on Gwynneth's dressing-table, and I opened it. "Hullo!" I said. "I'm captain of this dormer. Lesson-books aren't allowed in the dormitories. You'd jolly well better take it downstairs."

"It's not a lesson-book," said Gwynneth.

"Rot," I said; "it's full of bones and pictures of bandages. Buck up, and take it away."

"But it isn't. I'm a Guide, and it's a book I'm reading for my Sick Nurse Badge," said Gwynneth.

"I've been doing it in rec. time; it's not lessons at all."

"Your badge?" I said—for I hadn't heard about Guides. "Books of that sort *must* be lessons. You'd be better in the courts or reading a ripping boy-school tale!"

"Miss Dale knows I'm a Guide, so it's all right; and suppose somebody broke their leg one day when I was about, there'd be some use in knowing what to do, wouldn't there?" said Gwynneth.

"You needn't be cheeky about it, anyway," I said; though, honestly, when I came to think about it, she hadn't been cheeky a bit. And I went off and told my chum Delia about it.

"Oh, do you mean her Guide business?" asked

Delia. "You should hear the kids rave about it! They're talking of starting a patrol, or something."

"We're all right as we are," said I—which just showed how little I knew about it—"and we don't want to be taught by a new girl, anyway."

But the very next week something happened to change my ideas about Guides.

It was half-term holiday, and we're all allowed to go where we please on that day. Delia and I had made up our minds to spend a jolly lazy afternoon with books and chocs. on the little island at the river mouth, and we set out after dinner with a picnic basket and a thermos.

Now, we'd chartered a boat, and we were just pushing off, when suddenly up came Gwynneth with Mary and Jean, out of the lowest form.

"O Muriel! and it's the last boat," said Jean, who's everybody's pet; "and we did so want to go to the island. Gwynneth's going to teach Mary and me to scout—"

"Come along, then," we said; "cut into the boat, and we'll take you over, but you must keep out of our way and not disturb us."

"Oh, we *will*," said Jean; and they settled in.

Delia took the sculls and I steered, and we did our best though the tide was against us.

"I say," said Gwynneth quite shyly, but still she said it, "if you'd steer a bit more to the side of the river you'd get out of the current, I believe."

"Look here," I said. "If you can row better than we can, come and give a hand."

"I—can't—just now," said Gwynneth, looking very red. "I mean, I'm not allowed."

"It's her shoulder—" began Jean, but I cut in.

"I thought as much," I said. "You kids can sit still, and try not to teach your grandmothers."

Well, that wasn't the end. When we got to the island Delia and I tied up the boat in a little landing-place, and Gwynneth came back to speak to me.

"I say," she said.

"What's wrong now?" I said sharply.

"Well, the boat may float off. Your knot's unsafe. I know a jolly decent knot that I could show you," she began.

"Look here," I said, "go away and teach your babies. Delia and I can get on all right without help."

"All right," she said. "I didn't mean to interfere," and she disappeared amongst the bushes.

Delia and I enjoyed our afternoon. We had our tea pretty early, and lay under the trees and chatted and read. It must have been getting on for four o'clock before we thought of going back, and then it suddenly began to be cloudy and cold.

"I say," I said, "let's coo-ee for the others and start back to school."

"All right," said Delia; "and I'm growing hungry again. You take the baskets down to the boat." And she began to shout, while I started off to the riverside.

At first I thought I'd missed the spot where we'd tied up the boat; then I began to grow frightened—there seemed no sign of it anywhere. By the time Delia and the others had come down to the place I was feeling pretty queer.

"I say," I gasped, "the boat's gone."

* * *

Well, the next hour or two was simply frightful. Delia and I shouted for help, and shouted again; but there wasn't any one to hear. Old Timms's house on the shore was half a mile away, and the wind was against us.

"But he'll find out that the boat is missing and come out," I said.—"Do they know at school where you are?" I asked Gwynneth, as she came back from searching round the island, as she said, in case the boat might have drifted into any cove.

"No," she said.

"And we didn't mention it either," said Delia. "Oh, there's nothing for it but to make the best of things till Timms turns up."

"But I'm frightfully hungry," said Jean suddenly; and we realized that though *we'd* brought tea, and *eaten* it, the kids hadn't. We turned the basket inside out, but there was not a crumb left—and at that very instant it began to rain! Jean began to cry and to cough too, and, to tell the truth, Delia and I fairly lost our heads. It was Gwynneth who spoke up. "I say," she said, "let's *do* something!"

"But what *can* we do?" I said.

"Lots of things," said Gwynneth. "First of all, let's keep the kids dry. Get them under the thickest trees while we rig up a shelter. They can pick up sticks and things, too. It'll keep them warm to do it."

To begin with, we started with the shelter. "We'll have to notice the direction the wind's in," said Gwynneth; "and that's easy with the rain pelting from that way." She showed us how to take a strong thick branch and stick one of its ends into the ground and tie the other end to the trunk of a tree. Then we thatched it in with leafy branches, till it looked like a wigwam; there was just room for the kids to crouch inside.

"They'll be safe and dry there till Timms comes, thanks to you, Gwynneth," I said; "for *we'd* never have thought of it."

"Yes, but—" Gwynneth said—"I—don't know if you've thought of it, but the boat *may* have floated straight back to the boathouse. The tide was that way, and——"

"And, if so," said Delia, "Timms will think we've come back and left the boat, and he'll grumble at us for not tying it up!"



"Well, we'll get a fire anyhow," said Gwynneth. "Perhaps they'll see it from the land. Have either of you got a match?"

Neither of us had; *never* had I felt so helpless! Gwynneth hadn't either, but she wasn't half so cast down as we were. "I've been thinking," she said, "and if the sun comes out we may manage. Mary wears strong glasses, and if I used one, it'd be the same as a burning-glass!" And just at that very minute the sun peeped out.

"Gwynneth, do you think you could? You're a *marvel*," I said.

"I'm not," she said. "It's only practice. I've been in camp before."

Well, thanks to Gwynneth again, we'd a fine fire pretty soon. The children were quite gay again before long, bringing fuel and sticks to keep it up; but they were fearfully hungry.

"I'm awfully thirsty, too," said Jean, coming up at that minute with a load of fuel.

"Well, there's plenty of *water*, anyway!" I said.

"Oh, but any water won't do for drinking," said Gwynneth awfully quickly; "at least not without boiling. What I'm wondering about really is, where we're to find something to bail up water in, so that we can drink it safely."

"An old tin," I said; and, as luck would have it, we found one almost at once, left behind by some picnicking party. In a minute or two we'd dipped up water in it, and there it was heating upon the fire.

"There, Jean," said Gwynneth, "by the time you and Mary have fetched two or three more bundles of wood you'll be able to have something to drink.—I say," she added to us when the children had gone off again. "You know, don't you, that we're likely to spend the night here? D'you think you two could rig up another wigwam like the first we made, while I try my luck at fishing with what bait I can find?"

Making the wigwam without Gwynneth wasn't so easy as it had been the first time; but Delia and I did our best, and by the time we'd fixed it firmly, and thatched it, we were thoroughly tired out. We were jolly glad to hear a shout from Gwynneth.

"Cheero!" she said. "I've got one apiece and one over! Is the fire red for cooking?"

It was, and we cooked the fish over hot stones. I don't know what kind they were, those fish—nobody did; but they tasted perfectly delicious, with drinks of water in between the mouthfuls! By the time the meal was over we were simply frightfully sleepy, and the kids were too weary to mind a night in the open.

After we'd tucked away the little ones on thick

grass beds that we'd heaped up in their wigwam, and covered them over with all the clothes we could spare, we collected fuel for next morning, and put it close, but not too close, to the fire, which we'd heaped over with ashes. By that time we were dead sleepy; and Delia and I fell asleep almost at once, and slept right through the night.

* * * * *

Gwynneth woke us next morning. She'd been to sleep too, but she'd wakened first, because she was used to camping, she said.

"I say, is there a sign of any one to rescue us?" I asked the very instant I opened my eyes. "And how are the kids?"

"They're fine; and no sign of any one," said Gwynneth. "They'll be awfully anxious at school, but I've got an idea," she said; "but we'll have to have breakfast first."

Breakfast wasn't much, just the two fish we'd kept; and there was hot water.

"But there's as many good fish in the river as ever came out of it, no doubt," said Delia. "I'll try my hand, if you like, after breakfast; and we might have an early dinner."

"Well, I'd meant to try to snare a rabbit," said Gwynneth; "we could stew it, you see, and it would be a change. But there's something I want to do first." She sent Mary and Jean flying for armfuls of green leaves and grasses. "It's a way that I've read of," she said—"smoke-signalling. I've never tried it, but let's do it! We might manage to attract some one's attention. You see we're too far from the boathouse for Timms to see the camp-fire smoke, though he might see a signal, I should think."

The fire needed a lot of attention, and we all helped. We built up a good one, and then we heaped on green leaves and grass ready dampened; it was smoky enough when it was ready.

"Who'll lend a coat?" said Gwynneth. "The oldest one we've got will be best, and the biggest."

I pulled off my aged burberry that I'd worn in the boat, and she dipped it into the river; and then we squeezed the water out of it between us, twisting it round and round. Then, while it was still awfully damp, Gwynneth and I covered the whole fire with it for a minute.

Puff! Such a huge column of smoke seemed to come up from the fire when we lifted the coat off again.

"It's huge!" said Delia. "Now, if any one came to the edge of the water——"

"Alternate big puffs and small ones mean 'Danger!' by the smoke-signal code," said Gwynneth.

"I don't suppose any one knows that hereabouts: they'd come if they saw the smoke. But——"

"I say!" suddenly shouted Jean.

She's got awfully good eyes, and she was pointing to the shore; there were figures crossing the lane-path that leads from the village to the boat-house.

"Rush down to the water, and wave, Jean and Mary!" said Gwynneth; "there's a *chance* they may see you! Shout, too, for the wind's changed, and they might hear. Delia and Muriel, let's smoke-signal for all we're worth!"

We worked that burberry coat up and down, and the smoke came up in long and short puffs.

"Oooh!" I said at last, for my eyes were half-blinded; "is any one seeing anything?" And just at that very instant Mary came running up.

"Jean's still waving, and she says," she gasped, "that somebody's seen us. I can't see any one, but Jean says they're coming——"

"Coming? Who?" we shouted back, still signalling away, with our eyes full of tears with the smoke.

"Don't know; but a boat's pushed out," said Mary; and she was off again for fresh news.

Well, that was the beginning of the end of our adventure! It was Timms and Miss Blake herself. She had come down to the boathouse to ask the boatman if any of us had used his boats. She had seen the signals too—she said the smoke-signals were quite plain against the green of the island—and she had guessed it might be us, and had made Timms row her over.

"Gwynneth," I said that night in the dormitory, "you're a brick. What we should have done without you I can't imagine. I'll never say a word against your Guide Books again; in fact, I think Guides must be splendid!"

"I think more than that," said Delia. "And I've told Miss Dale all about it. If we don't get a school patrol of our own before the end of the term, it won't be for want of asking. Every girl is with me." She seized Gwynneth's hand.

"Thank you awfully," said Gwynneth, and she winced a little.

"Don't hurt her shoulder," said Jean, sitting up in bed. "Delia, didn't you know? That's why she can't row now: she hurt it. She got her medal for that, too; saving that boy's life, you know, and——"

"Then, *that's* why you came back late this term, was it?" I said. "Look here, Gwynneth, I'm ashamed of the way we've behaved. But we'll make up for it. We didn't understand, and——"

"I know you didn't," said Gwynneth in her jolly voice; "and Guides know how to wait. Oh, it will be ripping if we have a school patrol!"



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



AN Irishman was once presented with a gold watch. Finding that it refused to go, he determined to examine the works. He did so, and found a dead fly in the works. After pondering it over for a minute, he suddenly exclaimed, "Begorra! it's no wonder it wouldn't go; the driver's dead."

Sent in by HENRY GEORGE BUTTON,
48 King Street South, Rochdale.

✢ ✢ ✢

"DEAR TEACHER," wrote little Johnny's mother, "kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

Sent in by DOREEN BUSS,
Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex.

✢ ✢ ✢

A FATHER said to his son: "When I was your age my father would not allow me to go out at night."

"You had a nice kind of a father, you had," replied the young scamp.

The father vociferated: "I had a jolly sight better father than you have, you young rascal."

Sent in by MAY E. MILLICAN,
Upper Ardreagh, Aghadowey, Co. Derry, Ireland.

✢ ✢ ✢

Uncle. "I can't understand why my pipe has such a funny flavour."

Nephew. "That's strange; it was all right when I was blowing bubbles in it this morning."

Sent in by PADDY HALL,
5 Harlmere Beverly High Road, Hull.

✢ ✢ ✢

MR. AND MRS. MURPHY were going for a picnic, and as Mrs. Murphy was busy attending to the children, she told her husband to pack the hamper. When they got to the hills Mrs. Murphy said, "I must gather a few sticks to boil the tea." "Don't be silly," said her husband. "Sure, I have brought the gas ring with me."

Sent in by ANNIE LEMON,
New Line, Saintfield, Co. Down, Ireland.

✢ ✢ ✢

Collector. "Look here, I'm getting tired of calling here with this bill."

Debtor (with great alacrity). "Very glad to hear it."

See page 170 for the

BRIGHTEST SEPTEMBER

SMILE

How the Fire Burns

IT was a cold, wet day—so cold and wet that neither Dolly nor her brothers could venture out. They had grown tired of reading books and drawing pictures, and were indeed feeling very dull. They sat looking at the bright fire. Uncle George laid down his paper and said,—



CANDLE BURN-
ING IN OPEN
JAR.

"Come, let us have a lesson. What shall it be? The rain? The cat? Or shall it be the cosy fire-side?"

"The fire," said Frank. "Tell us why the fire burns, Uncle George!"

"I will," said cheery Uncle George. "Just wait until I get some things from the kitchen. Come along, boys."

When Uncle George and the boys came back to the room, they brought a lot of curious articles with them. These were an empty pickle-bottle, a small saucer, a glass bell-jar, a large dish, a piece of candle, some tacks, and a taper.

"Now," said Uncle George, "we are ready to begin."

He first lighted the piece of candle and lowered it into the bottle. It burned for a short time, then it went out.

"Can you tell me why it goes out?" he asked.

"Want of air," said Tom and Frank at the same time.

"But there is air in the bottle," said Uncle George.

"Yes, but not the kind of air the candle wants," said Frank.

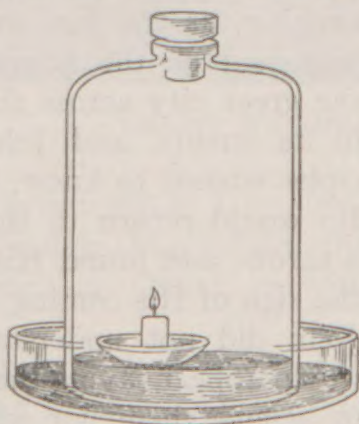
"That is a queer answer, Frank. The candle burned for a time in the bottle before it went out."

"Because it used up that part of the air which makes things burn," said Frank.

"That is *very* good," said Uncle George.

Uncle George then poured some water into the large dish. He fixed the candle on a big cork, lighted it and set it floating on the water. Then he placed the glass bell-jar over it. But first of all he marked the level of the water on the outside of the bell-jar.

Very soon the flame of the candle became small, and at last went out. Just then the water inside the bell-jar rose far up above Uncle George's mark.



CANDLE IN STOPPERED
JAR—BURNING.

He marked this new level, and asked the boys if they could tell him why the water rose in the jar.

Both Frank and Tom shook their heads sadly.

"Then I must explain," said Uncle George.

"Some of the air has gone," said Tom.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "How much of the air has gone?"

Frank pointed to the space between the two marks.

"That is right," said Uncle George. "The water has risen up in the bell-jar to take the place of the air that has been used up by the burning of the candle. Where has this used-up air gone?"

"It must have gone into the water," said Tom.

"Why did it not go into the water before the candle burned?"

"Perhaps the burning of the candle has *changed* this part of the air," said Frank.

"Very good, Frank. You are right again. The burning of the candle has changed a certain part of the air. It has, indeed, so changed it that it can dissolve in water just as if it were sugar or salt."

Uncle George now poured water into the outer dish until it was level with the water inside the bell-jar. Then he took out the stopper and pushed a lighted taper into the bell-jar. The taper at once went out.

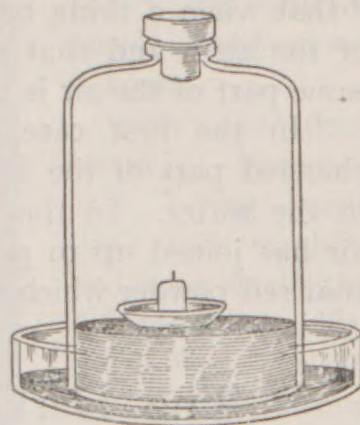
"This shows us," he said, "that a part of the air causes things to burn. The other part of the air does not. It puts burning things out. If we blow the fire with a bellows or fan, it burns more brightly and quickly. Why? Just because we are forcing a stream of air upon it, and a part of that stream of air is changed by the burning."

Uncle George next put some bright iron tacks in a small dish. He poured some water out of the large dish, and placed the bell-jar in the dish. After that he added water until it was just up to his first mark on the bell-jar.

Then he floated the dish with the tacks on the water. Next he wetted the tacks with water, and then placed the bell-jar over them and put in the stopper.

"Now," he said, "we will leave this just as it is for a few days."

The boys watched the bell-jar every day, and this is what they saw. The water rose slowly in the bell-jar. As it rose the bright tacks turned red with rust. The water rose higher and the tacks turned redder every day.



CANDLE IN STOPPERED
JAR—GONE OUT.

At length it rose to Uncle George's second mark. It rose no farther, although left for a whole week.

Then Uncle George called the boys and asked them what had taken place in the bell-jar.

"The tacks have rusted, and some of the air in the jar has been used up," said Frank.

"How much air has been used up?" Uncle George asked.

"Just exactly the same as was used up when we burned the candle," said Tom, pointing to the top mark.

"Let us see, then," said Uncle George, "what part of the air has gone."

He poured water into the large dish until it was level with the water inside the bell-jar. Then he put a lighted taper into the bell-jar as before. It went out at once.

"It is the same part of the air as the burning candle used up," said Frank.

"Then we have found out," said Uncle George, "that when a thing burns it uses up a certain part of the air; and that when iron rusts, exactly the same part of the air is used up."

"In the first case, the burning of the candle changed part of the air into a gas which dissolved in the water. In this case, that same part of the air has joined up to part of the iron tacks to form that red powder which we call *rust*."

The Darkening Garden

Where have all the colours gone?

Red of roses, green of grass,
Brown of tree-bole, gold of cowslip,
Pink of poppy, blue of cornflower,
Who among you saw them pass?

They have gone to make the sunset;

Broider'd on the western sky,
All the colours of our garden,
Woven into a lovely curtain
O'er the bed where Day doth lie.

R. W.

Motto for November

*I would rather trust and be deceived than
mistrust and be mistaken.* SIR JOHN HARE.

Sent in by JOHN DAVISON,
72 Bolton Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

II. NEARING THE END

JESUS paid a visit to the Temple four days before His death. He spent a long day there, from ruddy dawn until the evening stars appeared, and spoke much to the people. John was with Him, listening, watching, guarding. He heard Him tell many stories, in which everybody knew He was speaking of the Pharisees and their false teaching. The Pharisees had opposed the Baptist, and they would kill Him. These men of Judea would not listen to Him, but the people of other lands would listen, and God would take these strangers into His kingdom.

To the rulers, priests, and rabbis such words were like an axe cleaving at the roots of their religion. Should this Man be allowed to speak thus to the people? They held a meeting in the hall of hewn stones, at the corner of the Temple. They were still afraid to seize Jesus because of His friends, and these silent sentries resting on their pikes on the cloister roof, looking calmly down. What did foreign soldiers care about the kingdom of heaven, or any other question of the Jews' religion? They were put there to stop rioting, and if they did not they would be heavily punished. That was all they knew.

The long day in the Temple at last was ended. At evening, as the sun was setting over the red hills, Jesus sat on the flowery side of Olivet, looking at the great city across the valley with the multitudes in its streets, and John was with Him. The disciples wished to know, if He was going to die, when He would return to the world again, and sit upon a throne and found His kingdom? What would be the sign of His coming, and would it be soon? But John did not understand the answer. False men would appear saying they were Christ, but he was not to believe them, for when He came it would be as lightning flashing across the sky. But John would be persecuted, put into prison, tried, and punished, and would speak for Christ before kings, saying what God put into his mind, for He would give him words which his enemies could not resist.

Well might John look grave. This was not what the disciples expected. Jesus also told them that the tidings of the kingdom of heaven would be told to all nations over all the world before the end came.

Fathers and friends would give them up to punishment, and some of them would be killed. John feared he would not live till Jesus returned. He had little hope of anything if Jesus were killed.

He was to watch and pray, and prove himself worthy, and not be taken up with eating and drinking and the things of this life, for the day and hour God alone knew. He heard the story of the foolish virgins who did not watch, and of the foolish servants who did not prepare, and were surprised and punished. He looked forward with dread to the prospect of a band of disciples with no master to lead them.

They all rose when the silver stars were opening one by one in the violet sky, and went over the moonlit hill; and as they went John heard his Master say that in two days would be the Passover, and then He would be crucified.

It was Jesus' custom to eat the Passover supper every year with His disciples as if they were all one family; and John was not surprised when he was told that Peter and he were to get ready a large supper-room. He wondered why it was to be in the city, for Jesus was not living there, and it would be the only night He ever spent in Jerusalem. Like all Galileans, Jesus preferred to sleep outside the city walls with His countrymen on Olivet, or with His friends in Bethany.

In the morning John walked back over the hill with Peter, and spent the day in preparations. He bought a lamb and a skin of wine and the other supper things. He arranged the lamps for the room, and the couches round the table, with bunches of evergreens and flowers, and the sweet-smelling incense which was never absent. The large room was up a stair above the street level, so that no one could look in.

When the time of the evening star drew near, John met Jesus coming over the hill, and went with Him. Every family had its supper arranged of roast

lamb, and the streets were crowded with excited people hastening to their appointed places. The feasting began all over the city when the silver trumpets sang out from the Temple wall, proclaiming that three stars had appeared in the violet sky.

The room was bright and cheerful, with lamps hanging from the roof, and mats of green and red, and soft cushions on the couches round the white table. The law required them to eat this supper dressed in their best clothes, and resting comfortably, in contrast to the first time their forefathers ate it in Egypt, as sorrowful slaves with their staffs in their hands and bundles on their backs fleeing from their masters. And when Jesus entered the

supper-room He was well pleased with the preparations, saying He had a great wish to eat this supper with His disciples before He suffered, for He would not eat it again.

With the door securely fastened, and laying aside their staffs, sandals, and outer cloaks, the disciples approached the table. The old spirit was strong within them, for even with the dark eyes of Jesus resting on them, they quarrelled about who should get the best seats.

But not even John knew what Jesus was about to do when, to their surprise, He rose and took off his tunic. Tying a towel round His waist, He poured water into a basin in the usual way of a slave who is going to wash his master's hands. John had no idea Jesus was about to wash their feet like a household servant, but that was what He did, washing John's feet with the rest. He did not know what Jesus meant by doing such a thing.

When Jesus returned to His seat, He reminded them that they called Him their Lord and Master; and if He, their Master, washed their feet, ought they not also to wash one another's feet? This was the last time He would rebuke them for quarrelling about who should be greatest, and how gently and strongly He did it!



CHRIST WASHING ST. PETER'S FEET.



CHAPTER XIV

THE CONCERT

NEITHER Pamela nor Audrey had wanted to go down to the concert at the Claudeen schools, especially when they heard who were the vicar's chief assistants.

The tale of selling those fish in the market had buzzed round Claudeen, and had won the heroes and heroine a great deal of admiration, some laughter, and a little horror. Poor Lady Polwillan had been positively shocked, and was glad to find that the vicar's sister quite agreed with her. Both ladies thought Mr. Bellfield was very wrong to allow it; and what annoyed them most was that Sir Julian and the vicar only laughed heartily and said those children were treasures—though I believe Sir Julian called them "sports."

Neither Pamela nor Audrey was a sport; though, as they took their seats in the crowded schoolroom, they could not help wishing the American children had asked them to help in the acting. It is so much nicer being amongst the performers of such an entertainment than the audience.

It was a very cheerful audience, and rather an impatient one. Some of the fisher boys began to clap before the screens were moved, just to hurry things up, and there were shouts of laughter when Nigger Noel put his black face round one of those screens and made a grimace at them. Then the clapping subsided, the screens went back, and there was just the faintest sigh of disappointment to find the first item in the programme was a violin solo by Miss Gladys Morrell, followed by a comic song from the very nervous village schoolmaster, and a recitation by his wife.

Then came Con's name for a song. Con was a great patriot, and had insisted that he should give both "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Hail, Columbia!" But his first song was the familiar nigger melody,—

"Way down upon de Swannee ribber."

And *how* his audience did enjoy it! *How* they joined in the chorus, though Con's voice topped them all with his "Far from de ole folk at home."

There were so many encores that the vicar had to interfere, and the next performer was hurriedly produced.

"I do think that boy you don't like looks a darling," Audrey managed to say to Pamela. "And his singing gave me a lump in my throat. I wonder what the acting will be like?"

"Dull," said Pamela, hoping she would be right.

But she was wrong. "Tiresome Billy" was a triumph. All three performers were splendid. Ann made a capital worried housewife, Con was delightfully greedy and "vengeful" over the stealing of tit-bits, whilst Tiresome Billy proved the friskiest of niggers, always appearing where he was not wanted, and keeping the audience in fits of laughter.

Pamela tried hard to keep a straight face, but Audrey laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks at poor Billy's despair when he thought he was poisoned, and his great virtue afterwards in not touching Bird's custard.

The Sunshine children must have been very delighted with all the applause they received. I know Con was pleased that "Hail, Columbia!" was so cheered; and they all sang "God Save the King" till their throats were dry.

"Aren't you going to wait and thank them for the concert?" asked Audrey in disappointed tones, when she found Pamela bustling her off instead of climbing with other friends of the Winshaws and vicar on to the stage to congratulate the performers.

But Pamela only got very red and shook her head.

Silly Pamela-Pride! She would have liked to be friends with Noel, Ann, and Con to-night just because they were so popular, but she was afraid of being snubbed.

The Sunshine children did not miss her. They were laughing and joking with their congratulators, not a bit "bumptious" over their own cleverness, only pleased at the success of the concert. And how nice it was to hear such a lot of people saying they were glad they were going to live at Mulgitton Farm.

"We are glad too," said Ann. "We think Claudeen is fine. We didn't like England when it was only London, but we love it now. Only California is fine too."

The day after the concert Uncle Bob took all

three of them to the farm. He felt they deserved a treat after all their labours. And it was a very nice sort of treat.

"We loved your house and garden," they told Mrs. Quinnock, "even when we didn't know we were going to live here; but we love it more now."

And they saw more of it too. Such a bunch of future plans as they made too! Noel wanted to rummage in every shed and visit every corner

of the garden. Ann wanted to choose her bedroom, and look again into the wonderful dairy; whilst Con went along to see just where the apples and pears were stored. Finally they all sat down to a great farmhouse tea, and listened to Uncle Bob planning with Ann Quinnock about the furniture. It was nice to hear that most of the cosy rooms were to be left untouched. New furniture, with the "smell of the shop" on it, would have been so out of place here.

They bade a very reluctant good-bye to Mulgitton and its present mistress, whilst before they had gone very far on the homeward way they were all laughing over Con's pockets, which simply bulged with pears.

Con smiled as he offered his fruit all round. "It was better to take what was given," he said sweetly. "Apples will keep till we go there, but pears won't."

"It is a good thing we paid our visit to-day," said Uncle Bob, "for we are in for rough weather. The sea mews are noisy, and there's a skirl in the wind which talks to me of storm."

"That's Tregeagle calling, perhaps," said Ann.

"Oh dear, I hope there won't be a storm because of the fisher people."

"Perhaps it won't come for a day or so," replied Uncle Bob; and, though the children certainly heard "Tregeagle" calling very loudly during the evening, they went to bed and forgot all about storms and hurricanes till the morning. But next day looked still more like rough weather.

"We must expect it at this time of the year,"

said Uncle Bob at breakfast. "You children will have to think of indoor fun. I have told Amos you can have the long shed for your own. You can carpenter and amuse yourselves there."

Ann clapped her hands. "What fun it will be turning it out," she cried, "and scrubbing it. What a lovely game!"

"That's right," said Uncle Bob; "keep busy and you keep happy. My hair would have been white long ago if you had been limp young people always asking what there was to do! Do-nothing children, who expect grown-ups to amuse them, are a perfect pest. I would rather have do-mischief children than that."

Which was rather rash of Uncle Bob!

Not that the Sunshine children wanted to get into mischief to-day. They spent the whole morning cleaning out the long

shed, and telling each other in whispers that Amos must hate soap and water.

Such a grand scrubbing could not be finished in a single day, but after dinner the boys suggested a change of employment. They were not like Ann, who would have gone on for a week at her job.

"The wind is ripping on the moors," said



"IT'S PAMELA," SCREAMED ANN, CLUTCHING NOEL.

"PAMELA—AND AUDREY."

Noel. "I love it when it comes tearing along with its 'whu—ooo—or' and nearly carries you off your legs."

"Rose says the sea will be grand," added Con. "The waves come crashing in over the rocks and send the foam right up nearly to the top of the cliffs."

Ann scrambled to her feet at this. "Guess I'd like to watch the waves," she said. "Shall we go right along as far as the monastery?"

"Just what I was wishing," said Noel. "I should have gone by myself if you two wouldn't. Let's go right now. It won't rain for ages; the clouds are too high."

"A wind kind of makes you excited, doesn't it?" said Con, as they went struggling on towards the coast. "I feel like Scrabble was feeling this morning. I went to see the sexton, and Scrabble was racing about as if he were mad. The sexton said it was a sure sign of storm."

"I must go down and see Dick," said Noel; "but no boats will be out in weather like this. Say! Just look at the waves. Keep back behind that wall, Ann, though the wind is blowing from the sea, so it can't very well blow you over the cliff."

"Might it blow the walls down?" asked Ann anxiously, as she clutched at the strong ivy branches and looked around.

On such a day as this those broken ruins looked like the cowed figures of the old monks themselves! And *how* the wind squealed, shrieked, and whistled amongst the cracks and gaps.

Con had ventured nearest to the cliff, and as he looked over at the foam-churned waves he gave a hoarse cry of dismay.

"What is it?" asked Ann, not caring to leave her refuge.

Con came reeling back. "Two—people down there!" he yelled. "Two girls—caught by the tide. Look!"

With Noel guarding Ann they all three crept forward, half afraid the gale might veer about and whisk them bodily over the cliff edge. But they soon saw that Con was right. Two mackintoshes stood huddled amongst the rocks, evidently in a frenzy of terror. And no wonder, for on either side of the cove the cliff stood out toward the sea, making a half-circle, and at both points of the semicircle the waves were dashing high in their fury, clamouring and raging like wild beasts.

The girls were caught—trapped by the terrible tide which came roaring and foaming nearer—nearer; and did not the Sunshine children remember only too well that the cave below them was ocean-filled at high tide?

"It's Pamela!" screamed Ann, clutching Noel. "Pamela—and Audrey!"

She was quite right. Pamela and Audrey were waiting for death amongst the rocks below. Although neither of the girls could have heard voices from the cliff-top, Pamela happened to look up just then. They could see her stretch up her hands, they could read the white terror on the pretty face. She was no longer Pamela-Pride, but an agonized child mutely entreating help.

And what help could reach her? Even if there had been time to get back to the village and tell the fishermen, no boat could be launched in time to save the two below. Every minute the cruel waves came nearer—nearer. They *could* not be rescued.

Noel caught Ann's arm and dragged her back. She looked up into his face, reading purpose there.

"You can't climb the cliff," she panted.

He shook his head. "No; but there's the smugglers' stair," he replied briefly. "I *might* have time to reach them. It—it would be easy if I could make them hear, and tell them to go back into the cave; but—they won't understand."

Ann felt shivers of excitement running down her back. "But you can't," she stammered; "you can't! How can you reach the cave from the trap-door place? It is too high to jump, and you couldn't climb back."

Noel smiled. It was possible for them to hear each other speak in this sheltered corner, where two walls formed an angle. "There's the rope Mr. Trenaint left," he replied, "down there. But, Ann, dare you come with Con to raise the trap, and help with the rope when we come back? Dare you?"

(To be continued.)

Smiles Competition

An Alarming Mystery

AN absent-minded man, who found early rising difficult, brought home an alarm clock. At six o'clock the next morning he was roused by a terrific knocking at his front door. When he opened it, he was confronted by an imposing policeman, who exclaimed sternly, "This won't do. You must not annoy the neighbourhood in this fashion. Take it inside. And he handed to its owner the new alarm clock. "Ah," said the crestfallen householder, "I wondered how the milk-can came to be at my bedside."

Sent in by ETHEL ATKINSON,
4 Halstead Street, Worsthorpe, near Burnley, Lancs.,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Childhood of Famous People

5. Sir John Franklin

THERE were already eight children in the house at Spilsby when John was born on the 15th of April 1786. The arrival of a new baby was quite an ordinary event in that large family, but John was to have the special distinction of being the youngest son, and to enjoy all the privileges of a Benjamin. All the other brothers and sisters teased and spoiled him by turns, but perhaps on the whole there was more spoiling than teasing, for he was such a frail, delicate child that every one was inclined to treat him gently.

For the first three years of his life it seemed as if John would never live to grow up, but after that he suddenly began to grow much stronger, and before very long was quite able to hold his own with the

other children. He was a great favourite with every one, and had what the old nurse called "a way with him" which no one could resist, and no spoiling seemed to hurt him. He was a sunny-tempered child, easily managed, never cross



LOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

or fretful, and willing to be friendly with all the world. Indeed he was exactly the sort of small boy which nowadays an elder brother would describe as "a jolly little chap."

Of course John had his faults like every one else, and his mother shook her head over what she considered two very serious defects in his character. He was very untidy, and he was extremely curious. Whatever was going on, John must always try to find out all about it, and when he had once set his mind on some discovery there was no turning him from it. All the other children were "neat and orderly," but John was seldom fit to be seen. Either his socks sagged under his heels, or there was a tear in his coat, or his frill was lost—something was always amiss; and as to his hands and face, no sooner were they washed than they began at once to get

dirty again. He was not at all a credit to the family, and unfortunately he could never be kept in the background, out of sight, for he always wanted to be in the front row and to see everything that was going on.

As John grew older he began to show a tremendous love for adventure, and whatever daring deed the other boys performed, he was always eager to do something more daring still. Sometimes the boys would begin to talk of the great things they



FRANKLIN (1786-1847).

meant to do and the exciting adventures that would be sure to happen to them when they were men, and each one planned some tremendously heroic action, until at last, when it came to John's turn to say what he meant to do, there seemed nothing left for him to choose. But as usual he was not to be outdone, and he had his plan all ready.

"I am going to build a ladder," he said grandly, "so high that I shall be able to climb up to heaven."

Of course it was pointed out to him that a ladder couldn't stand upright unless it leaned against something, but he explained that it was a difficulty which he meant to overcome. What was the use of difficulties except to be overcome? he asked.



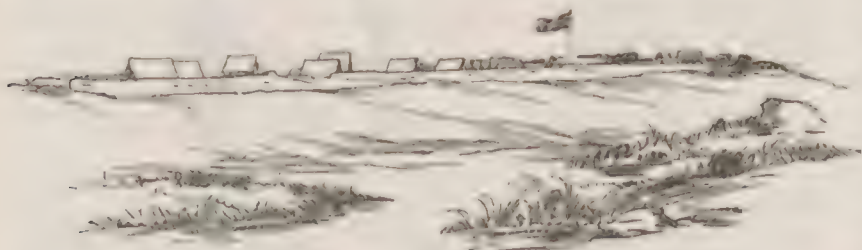
FRANKLIN AS A "MIDDY."

Although John's home at Spilsby was not many miles inland, it had nothing to do with any seaport town, and it was not until he was ten years old and was sent to the grammar school at Louth that he first heard the call of the sea.

He had started off one fine holiday with another boy to find his way to Saltfleet, which was ten miles distant, meaning to have a good time, but little dreaming of the change which that day was to make in his life. He was keenly interested in seeing a new place, but he had no idea of the wonder

that awaited him. That first sight of the sea stirred his very soul.

In a moment it seemed to him that this was what he had been seeking for ever since he was born. The great mysterious sea, stretching away until it seemed to touch the sky, was the ladder of which he had



THE CAMP ON THE REEF.

dreamed. The sound of its breaking waves, the deep rolling swell, seemed to call to him as a friend, and instantly he recognized the voice and answered it with all his heart. He would be a sailor, and he would be nothing else.

Full of this great idea, with the sound of the sea ever in his ears, and the longing for it tugging at his heart, John lost no time in letting his father know, now that he had made up his mind to be a sailor. He little knew with what displeasure the news would be received at home.

"It is absolute nonsense," declared John's father. "I shall not consider it for a moment. The boy simply wants to escape from the drudgery of school, and, like every other boy, imagines that to go to sea is the way to great and stirring adventures. I will not hear of such a thing."

So John was sternly told that he might put the idea out of his head at once, and that he had better make up his mind to attend to his lessons.

It was no easy matter, however, to turn John from any settled purpose, and he quietly persisted in his request until at last his father grew very angry.

"I would rather follow my son to the grave than to the sea," he thundered, and forbade the subject to be mentioned again.

For two years John worked steadily at his school lessons, and did his very best with them, although his heart was set as firmly as ever on the hope of becoming a sailor. It was the best way to show his determination, for it would never do for a sailor to shirk any kind of work. He was a great favourite with his schoolfellows and every one else, for he possessed that most wonderful gift called "charm," which is as full of magic as any wizard's spell. Every one loved the sunny-tempered, merry-looking boy, so brave and frank and friendly, "so quick to resent a slight, and so ready to forgive it."

It was a great disappointment to his father when

John showed no signs of outgrowing his desire to go to sea. The two years' discipline of school life seemed only to have strengthened his determination, and as time had proved no cure, it seemed wise now to try another remedy.

It was such an easy thing to talk of being a sailor while living comfortably at home, and looking at the sea life through rose-coloured spectacles. The first real experience of rough life on board ship was usually enough to disenchant any one. So it was decided that John should be sent off on a cruise in a merchant ship which traded between Hull and Lisbon, and it was to be hoped that this taste of life at sea would make him a wiser and a sadder boy.

It was all in vain. John returned home in great spirits, keener than ever. No hardships could daunt him; his heart was set on becoming a sailor. His father now saw that it was wiser to give in, for this was no mere boyish fancy, and he sorrowfully gave his consent. A berth was procured for the boy on board the *Polyphemus*, and it was arranged that an elder brother should take him up to London, see to his uniform and his outfit, and send him to join his ship.

The elder brother did not much relish the job. In a letter home, he complained bitterly of the trouble of "continually running after this clothes-buying business"; but in spite of his annoyance he could not help feeling rather proud of his small brother when he was rigged out in all the bravery of his new uniform, and he was forced to admit in the same letter that "the dirk and the cocked hat are rather attractive parts of his dress."

At last, when all was ready, the little midshipman, cocked hat and dirk complete, joined his ship, and set sail for the north, the *Polyphemus* being part of the English fleet under the command of Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command.

From the calm quiet of the Lincolnshire home, where adventures were only to be met with in dreams, John suddenly plunged into the wildest and most exciting of times, and was in the thick of the most terrible sea-battle which Nelson ever fought.

(To be continued.)



STATUE TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.
(The inscription acclaims as the discoverer of the North-West Passage.)

THINGS TO MAKE



American Popcorn-Making

POPCORN-MAKING is great fun for a wet half-holiday. It can be carried on over a small oil stove or gas ring, or over a dull coal fire.

A wire corn-popper—a sort of small wire cage, mounted on to a long handle—costs a shilling at any



FIG. 1.

large stores (Selfridge's keep them), and the special corn for popping is sixpence a pound. Half a pound will make a very large quantity of popcorn.

Ordinary maize also makes good popcorn, and it is possible to pop it with the help of an iron shovel, though a certain amount of it is apt to pop out into the fire.

To begin, sprinkle just enough corn over the bottom of the popper to cover it, shut the lid, and hold it over the stove or fire, shaking it gently all the time, until it begins to pop (Fig. 1). Keep on shaking, until the basket is full of great white balls of popcorn, then turn it out on to a plate, and it is ready to be eaten hot.

American children are very fond of transforming it into coloured balls.

To do this, the dry corn must be dyed in a little cochineal the day before, being left to soak for a

short time, and then taken out and put to dry. The cochineal may need to be slightly diluted with water before putting in the corn.

When popped, the pink corn must be placed in a warm bowl, to keep hot while the syrup is being prepared.

For this put half a pound of white granulated sugar into an enamelled saucepan, add just enough water to dissolve it, and stir it over the fire until it reaches the temperature of 240 degrees, making what is technically known by sweetmakers as "soft ball" when rolled between the finger and thumb. If you have no sugar confectioner's thermometer—an unlikely schoolroom possession—the syrup can be tested in the following way, by any courageous member of the schoolroom party. Hold your finger in a cup of cold water, until thoroughly cold, then bring it out still dripping, and gently but swiftly dip it into the top of the boiling syrup, to take out a drop, and immediately dip it into the cup of cold water again. It does not hurt a bit, and if the syrup thus obtained makes a soft putty-like ball when rolled between the finger and thumb, it is done. If no one will volunteer to dip their finger in the syrup, try testing it with a teaspoon, which must be plunged into cold water, when it comes out, in the same way.

When the syrup is done, pour a little of it over the popped corn in the bowl, and stir it until the mixture becomes tacky, then mould it into balls with the hands (Fig. 2), and twist up each ball in a sheet of grease-proof paper (Fig. 3).



FIG. 2.

Pink and white popcorn must be placed in different bowls, to get balls of the two colours, and it is a great improvement to add a little raspberry essence to the syrup before pouring it over the pink popcorn.

American Fudge is a sweetmeat which is also very popular with American children, and is very easily made, especially in the country, where cream is cheap. The real American recipe runs as follows :

Take two cups of sugar, a piece of butter, and a quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate. Boil



FIG. 3.

it for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, then put in a little cold water, and add a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring. Take it off the stove, stir in half a cupful of cream, and beat it with a wooden spoon for five minutes, until it is thick and creamy, then put it into a buttered pan, and set in a very cold place or on ice to set and harden.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Mouse's Castle SAMMY SLOWFOOT BRINGS BAD NEWS

THE Merry Mother Mouse was in her cosy little parlour. She had spread a nice meal, and was waiting for her children. One by one they ran in—all but Sammy Slowfoot, and he was nearly always last, even at meals.

Presently Sammy Slowfoot came rushing in, every hair on end with fright. It took a great deal to make Sammy Slowfoot rush ; so the Mother Mouse and the rest knew that something very bad had happened.

"Tell us ! Tell us !" they all squeaked. "What's the matter ?"

"Something dreadful," answered Sammy. "It must be, because the Oldest Owl was wide awake in the daylight, and talking about it to the Starlings and the Crows, but all I could make out was that we are—sold to a Syndicate !"

"We're sold to a Syndicate !" squeaked the Mother Mouse. And Peter Piebald, Sammy Slowfoot, Timmy Tinytoes, and little Silverstreak squeaked, "We're sold to a Syndicate !" and asked what it meant.

"I expect it's a Sandy Cat," piped Timmy Tinytoes. "Oh ! they're the very worst kind. I'm afraid ! I'm afraid !"

"A Syndicate is worse than the very fiercest Sandy Cat," said the Mother Mouse, gathering her children close.

"What is a Syndicate ?" they all asked again.

"You know what a Man is ?" asked the Mother Mouse.

"Yes ; something like the Scarecrow the birds are so afraid of," answered Silverstreak.

"Much worse than a Scarecrow," said Mother Mouse. "'Tis a 'he' and not an 'it.' He can lay traps to catch us, and poisoned food to cheat us, and keeps cats and dogs to tear us to pieces. A Syndicate is a lot of men with no hearts. They'll clear us out of our Castle. Perhaps they'll pull it down, and build rows of nasty new houses of hard bricks and gritty mortar we can't bite through. We shall be homeless !"

Then the Mother Mouse forgot that she was called "Merry," and wept bitterly, wiping her eyes with her fore-paws. And all her children wept too, and wiped their eyes with their little fore-paws until they were quite red.

THE OLDEST OWL'S STORY

THE dismal news went through all the Castle, and the Mouse Family held mass meetings to discuss it.

"It is bad for us all," said the Oldest Owl, "but worse for the Mouse Family, because they will be trapped and poisoned and caught by fierce cats. It would be better for them if the Prince came back."

"Who is the Prince?" asked the Starlings and the Crows; and little Timmy Tinytoes, who had been fast asleep in a hole in the wall, woke up just in time to listen with both his little pink-lined ears.

"All the Owls know the story," answered the Oldest Owl boastfully, "but I will tell you. You know this house wasn't always a Mouse's Castle. A Man once owned it; and the Man had a son—quite a little boy when the Owls first took notice of him. He was so brave and gay and handsome that every one called him 'the Prince.' His father was very proud of him, and very pleased with him when he was a boy; but when he grew up, father and son quarrelled. At last the Prince sailed away in a ship, and never came back. The Man stood and watched the ship out of sight the day it sailed; and year after year he watched and waited for it to come back—but it never did. Then the Man died, and the House waited for the Prince to come back. He didn't; and the Mouse Family came and made it into a Mouse's Castle. Our only hope now is that the Prince will come back before the Syndicate comes to pull down the house and turn us out."

And all the Owls, the Starlings, and the Crows cried together, "We want the Prince!"

Off ran Timmy Tinytoes to find his mother, who was sitting sadly in her parlour looking over a list of "Houses to let."

"Mother, mother!" piped little Tinytoes, "we want the Prince! We want the Prince!" and he told her all about it.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than November 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for November

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Suppose the Broadcasting Manager asked you what you would like to have in the programme, what items would you ask for?

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

The answer to each of the following questions gives the name of a town in England:—

1. A tree—a joint of meat.
2. A fruit—a preposition.
3. An agricultural implement—an exit.
4. A graceful bird—a piece of water.
5. A colour—a maiden's name.
6. An animal—to cross a stream.
7. A gang.
8. A storehouse—a loop of metal.
9. A contest—a symbol of union—a weight.
10. A vessel—a line.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a bunch of grapes, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her how you have planned to use your spare time this winter.

PROVERB COMPETITION

I am a well-known proverb, consisting of 17 letters. My 6, 16, 9 is a part of the body; 14, 10, 15, 4, a vegetable; 7, 3, 12, 14, a stupid person; 5, 13, 14, 1, 11, a coward; 17, 2, 8, 17, part of a ship.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Write an account of the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a clock, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Describe in your own words what is happening in the picture that goes with "Gwynneth the Guide."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of an umbrella, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for September

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Adeleine Harris, St. Michael's House, Hallen, Henbury, near Bristol. Florence Cook, 10 Dona Road, Fulham, London, S.W. 6.

Honourable Mention.—Karis Mackenzie, Upper Norwood; Edith A. Heal, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Betty Radburn, Fulham; Eveline Bruce, Belfast.

MENU COMPETITION

[The items on the Menu were as follows: Oysters, Veal Cutlet, Potato, Green Peas, Roast Beef, Spinach, Carrots, Lettuce, Cucumber, Tomato, Plum Pudding, Egg Sauce, Ice Cream, Sponge Cake, Crackers, Edam Cheese, Coffee.]

Among the great number of correct answers sent in the following were the neatest:—

Prize-Winners.—Lily Styles, 42 Epirus Road, Fulham, London, S.W. 6. Edna Barron, 81 Rodney Avenue, Gateshead. Helena Barr, 39 Lifford Street, Putney, London, S.W. 15. Winifred P. Godfrey, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Lily Edwards, London; Eileen G. Green, East Ham, E. 6; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; R. O. M. Pepper, Putney, S.W. 15; Doreen I. Buss, Midhurst; Nora Shannahan, Milton, Portsmouth; Eva Johnson, Fulham, S.W. 6; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley; Florence Bolton, Bromley; Henry George Button, Rochdale; Beatrice Peacock, Southfields, S.W. 18; Betty Cochrane, Downpatrick; John Hutchison, Newmilns; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School; Elizabeth M'F. Inglis, Glasgow; Joan Waite, Milton, Portsmouth; Thomas Thompson, Londonderry; Frank Cason, Carlisle; Dorothy Brown, Southfields, S.W. 18.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—John Brennan, 26 Mill Brae, Larne. James Balshaw, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Vera Lestrangle, 13 Crofton Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.—Don Minett, Leicester; William Townsend, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.; James Dornan, Saintfield; Ralph Wilcock, Worsthorne Council School; Sam. Roberts, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; John Alexander Millar, Aghadowey.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Olive Grimmitt, 154 Herbert Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. Marjorie Youhill, 19 Winstan Gardens, Headingley, Leeds. Ronald Harvey, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, Cheshire. George Macdougald, "Dunolly," Stanwell Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Woodcock, Birmingham; Nora Hambly, London; Hilda Youens, Ralph Bray, and Cyril Foley, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Annie Lemon, Saintfield; Edith Iddon, Hesketh Bank; Winifred Allcock, Leeds; Florence Carey, Bristol.

[One of the best papers sent in for this competition had neither name nor address on it.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC COMPETITION

[The solution was as follows:—Fiji, oven, used, rage, trap, hare, Owen, ford, jute, upon, LXXC, Yule. The initials give "Fourth of July," and the finals "Independence."]

Prize-Winners.—Henry George Button, 48 King Street South, Rochdale. Reggie Beach, "Wyvern," New Road, Rubery, Birmingham. Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall.

Honourable Mention.—William J. Ashford, Earlsfield, S.W. 18; Jennie Semple, Strabane; E. Sherman, Southfields, S.W. 18.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Bessie Wharton, 119 Adelaide Street, Heywood. W. Hewson, 74 Heythorp Street, Southfield, London, S.W. 18. Harold Taylor, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. James Dornan, Carricknacezna, Saintfield, Co. Down.

Honourable Mention.—Rosemary Easton, Pendleton, Manchester; Joan Evelyne Davids, London; Hilda Youens, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Mary Brett, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Margaret E. Sams, The Southfield School, Southfields, London, S.W. 18. Philip Goode, The Whetty, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Olwen Roberts, Oakham; Charles Scotcher and Hilda Alliez, The Southfield School, S.W. 18.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

The neatest of the many correct answers sent in were:—

Prize-Winners.—Douglas Padfield, 16 Stanbridge Road, Putney, S.W. 15. Ruth Manuel, Whitley Road, Thornhill, near Dewsbury. Eileen Fairhurst, Milton Church Hall School, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.—Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, Walthamstow, E. 17; Dick Gumbleton, Bexley; Frederick Lipscombe, Manor Park, E. 12; Eveline Bruce, Belfast; Lydia Gibson, Armagh; Hilda White, Jeffrey, Corstorphine; James H. Telfer, Edinburgh; Irene Hindley, Warrington Road School, Widnes; Ronald Harvey, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; W. J. Healy, Blackburn; George Thompson, Newtownards; Wilbur Cockroft, Belfast; Vera Pryce, Mount Hare, Merthyr; Alfred Bell, King's Lynn.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Robert Irving, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Arthur Skinner, Southfield School, Southfields, London, S.W. 18.

Honourable Mention.—James Dornan, Carricknacezna, Saintfield; Eric Winter, Southfield School, S.W. 18.



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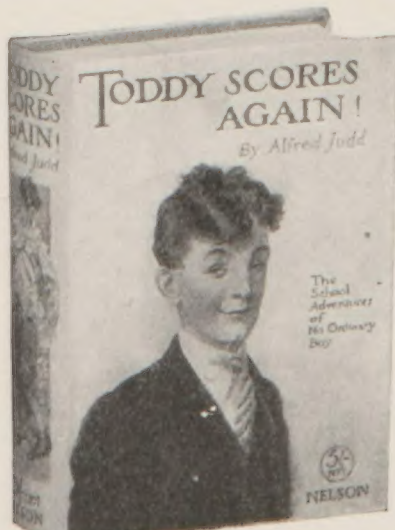
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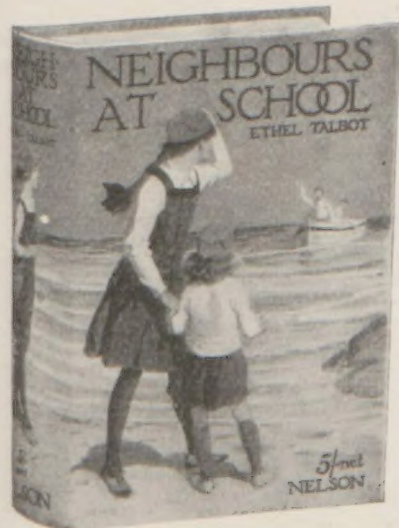
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